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## TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

### CHRISTIANIA.

It was very agreeable, after more than three days of incessant coaching through a rude country, to drive into a good large town, enter a respectable hotel, and sit down to a civilised dinner. I was somewhat surprised by the regular cleanly streets of Christiania, the stately public buildings, and the goodly aspect of the people; for somehow we always form mean anticipations of what is north of our own ordinary locality, and Norway has no reputation for the fine or the elegant. The fact is, that Christiania is, comparatively speaking, a modern town, an expression of the contentment and prosperity which this country has been enjoying for between thirty and forty years; it has therefore quite properly a thriving and respectable appearance. Its best streets, as the Dronningen's Gade (*Queen Street*), Prindsen's Gade (*Princes Street*), contain many really handsome houses. Its environs present the usual array of those pretty villas in which wealthy citizens delight to live. There is a harbour, all in a bustle with little vessels loading and unloading. Then the city has its fine objects strongly relieved from the general mass—a large, white palace, newly built on an eminence overlooking the town, for the reception of royalty during its yearly visits—a suite of superb buildings in the course of erection for the university—and a grand old fortress by the side of the fiord, styled the Castle of Agershuus. For a town of 33,000 inhabitants, the public buildings may be said generally to be above the average. One of the most conspicuous is a jail, finely situated on a neighbouring rising-ground. Unluckily the Norwegians are just about to try the Pentonville plan with their criminals, when that plan is beginning in England to be found a disappointment. The natural situation of the place at the head of a fiord, with pine-clad hills all round, is very fine. There are many good shops; and I was glad to find that the *Bog og Musik Handels (Book and Music Shops)* were not few, and of the first class in point of appearance.

Having settled myself comfortably in the *Hôtel du Nord*, which is reputed as the best hotel, though it is not incapable of improvement, and having despatched some letters of introduction to their destinations, I took a ramble about the town and its environs. The gneissic series of rocks here gives place to the slate and the Old Red Sandstone, of which last rock the neighbouring hills are composed, but without any fish fossils. The rocks, where presented above the soil, are rounded and polished like those already described farther to the south; indeed it is stated that the whole of the surface along the borders of the Christiania fiord has been dressed by the ice. Near the fortress of Agershuus I found some of the polished and striated surfaces de-

scending into the sea, and to a considerable depth below it, without being in the least affected by that element, exactly as is the case with the similar surfaces on the Gare Loch in the Firth of Clyde, first described by Mr Maclaren.

Next morning, being Sunday, it was delightful, on waking, to remember that there was no long journey before me calling for an early start, and to feel that consequently an extra dose of sleep could be indulged in without self-reproach. In a life of activity and self-taxation, one needs such little *délassements* now and then: I believe the machine could not go on well without them. I was nevertheless up and breakfasted in time to attend the church at ten o'clock. A fine sunshiny morning; the streets quiet, empty, and bright. Being anxious to witness the religious service of the country under the most distinguished circumstances, I proceeded to the Dom Kirk, which I found to be no ancient Gothic structure, as is generally the case, but a plain brick building, of perhaps a century old, with scarcely any mediæval feature but that of being in the form of a cross. It may here be remarked that Christiania is wholly a modern town, having been commenced early in the seventeenth century, near the site of an elder city called Oslo, which was burnt down. The interior of the Dom Kirk presents only plain white walls; tall, narrow, round-topped windows; a semi-cylindrical roof of short planks, painted a dull white; and pews along the side of a broad central walk, pervading both body and wings of the building. At the west end, over the principal entrance, is an organ, a fine large instrument, with a gallery for the choir; at the east end is a Communion-table, exhibiting two gigantic candles, over which is a glaring carved altarpiece, presenting the Crucifixion and Last Supper in coloured figures as large as life. At a few minutes past ten, when I entered, the bulk of the congregation was assembled; the men sitting on one side, the women (a majority) on the other; a large proportion of them a humble class of people, many evidently strangers from the country: others were of the class of ladies and gentlemen, but much less handsomely attired than the corresponding portion of a metropolitan congregation in England. Though aware that the established religion of Norway is Lutheran, and less reformed than ours, I was unprepared for the effect produced by seeing, in the east end of the church, all the more conspicuous objects usually presented in the same part of a Catholic place of worship, even to the robed priest with the figure of the cross upon his back. The organ was sounding and the choir singing. Presently, on a pause taking place, the priest turned round—showing some other devices on the front of his robe, underneath which was a white gown. He chanted a few words from the book in his hand, and then the choir recommenced singing. This

went on for some time, while the people continued to come in and take their seats. At twenty minutes to eleven, a person advanced to the clergyman, and took off the crimson robe and white gown, when he appeared in a black gown and white quilled ruff, exactly like the stiff pictures of the English bishops of the seventeenth century: a pale, dark-complexioned man of about forty-five, with a well-elevated head. He advanced to the pulpit, which is a superb structure of gilt scroll-work, projecting from the angle between the choir and north transept. I had now time to observe that along the walls, for a considerable height, are galleries with glazed windows and curtains, like the boxes at the Opera-house, probably for special families of superior importance; but on this occasion they appeared to be empty. It is an arrangement common throughout the better order of churches in Scandinavia. The minister preached thirty-five minutes—a read sermon, delivered with a very moderate amount of gesticulation. I was of course unable to understand any part of it, and only remarked that at the name of *Yeous Chreous*, as it is sounded, all the females made an inclination. At the conclusion there was a prayer, and thereafter a benediction, at which the people for the first time rose to their feet. A second more elderly clergyman in black gown and ruff then appeared at the Communion-table, and chanted a prayer or collect. When the singing had concluded, there was a second benediction, at which the people rose again. Many now began to retire, but a considerable number remained. A man like a teacher, and I have no doubt actually one, stood up in front of the Communion-railing, and, with the points of his fingers placed together, addressed a few sentences to the audience. He then proceeded to marshal a multitude of boys and girls along the central walk, the boys facing the girls as far down as their inferior numbers extended, and the elderly clergyman then began to catechise them, mingling much discourse of his own with his questions and their answers. In the midst of this tedious procedure I left the church.

The effect of the whole was novel and striking. To find a church which has undoubtedly cleared itself of all those features of Romanism most exclaimed against by Protestants, nevertheless maintaining many of those externals of dress and ritual which give the Church of Rome such a hold upon the imagination and æsthetic feelings of its adherents, was peculiarly interesting to an observer from the north of the Tweed. The catechising is an important part of clerical duty in Norway, being connected with a system of confirmation which forms one of the strongest anchorages of the church. The being confirmed is established by law as a previous step to all mingling in actual society. No priest is allowed to marry a couple, one member of which is unconfirmed. No unconfirmed person can be a student at the university, or attain any office. The girl of humble rank would not be received as a servant, nor the boy as an apprentice, without being confirmed. It is a diploma essential to the gaining of daily bread in all classes. A fee given on the occasion is likewise important to the clergy, as a part of their income. I heard that the common people are beginning to express a sense of oppression under this system, complaining, however, only of the hardship of the fee; but so rooted a custom could not easily be reformed.

Christiania is evidently a rising place; and though this is mainly to be attributed to its only having recently assumed the character of a capital and seat of government, I became convinced that no small portion of it is owing to that general progress of the country of which the growth of a metropolis is always a sure exponent. Ever since 1814, when Norway settled down, with its democratic constitution, under the Bernadotte dynasty of Sweden, it has enjoyed internal peace and security; and the resources of the country have been undergoing perhaps as rapid a process of development as could be expected in a region so peculiarly formed and circumstanced, physically and morally. I took

every opportunity, in Christiania and elsewhere, of inquiring into the political fortunes of the country, and, on the whole, I think they are good. The machine is certainly not without its jarrings and jamming, any more than others, and there is no reason, from this case, to believe that democracy involves that consummation of political good which its admirers claim for it. Yet Norway is, in the main, happy in its government, the national will being freely and fully expressed through its Storting, while it seems to derive a certain steadiness from monarchy, without being exposed to any of the corrupting influences of a court. In consequence of Sweden being under an aristocratic system, there is in Norway a sleepless jealousy regarding it; and this I always felt to be the most unpleasant feature of public feeling which came under my attention in the north. It has, however, the effect of binding the people very much together, as far as themselves are concerned, and rendering internal faction and party little known amongst them. It is also to be remarked that the king is completely exempt from Norwegian jealousy and ill-will; his uncommon personal virtues, and his liberal tendencies, render him, on the contrary, highly popular, as was lately demonstrated in a remarkable manner, when, a certain sum being asked by him to complete the furnishing of the palace, the Storting instantly voted one much larger—a very uncommon fact, I believe, in parliamentary history. Owing to the general satisfaction of the country with its constitution, the year 1848 passed over Norway without ruffling its political plumage in any appreciable degree. The Norwegian people would be above human nature if there were not among them a set whose predominant feeling is towards concentration of power, and another whose main anxiety it is to make the voice of the masses as real and as influential as possible; but these parties have at the same time so much unity of feeling, that they cannot be said to be in collision. There is a movement party, feeble in the Storting, but strong in the press. Its demands are of a nature apt to excite strange ideas in an Englishman. With us, as is well known, the clamour of such politicians is for the aristocracy of talent and education—the aristocracy of nature—as against that of mere human appointment or the creation of law. In Norway, the men of the movement, finding an aristocracy of this kind actually exercising rule, as far as there is any rule in the case, loudly demand that it should be put under check. 'Away,' they cry, 'with clever lawyers and astute officials, and let the honest, rustic representatives bear the bell!' We need scarcely ask what their cry would be if things were actually put under a committee of *bonder*?

During my few days in Christiania I felt unflagging pleasure in wandering about the neighbourhood, and enjoying the fine views almost everywhere presented, in which the fiord and its numerous islets always formed a distinguished part. The day was generally very warm; but the evenings were deliciously cool, and these might be said to last till within an hour of midnight. Again I felt how surprised many of my friends would have been to see what I now saw—the glassy waters and clear blue atmosphere of Leman Lake rivalled in a spot adjacent to the sixtieth parallel of latitude. I remarked that though there might be particular plants wanting, the general effect of the ornamental gardens and pleasure-grounds at Christiania was much the same as with us. The winter is of course severe in comparison with ours; yet even here we must not be too ready to give the disadvantage to Norway; for the air, if colder, is drier, and therefore bites less than the same temperature would do under our humid Jove. A middle-aged man, accustomed in his youth to live in England, told me that, for walking in winter about Christiania, he never thinks of adding more to his ordinary clothing than a light paletot, exactly as he would do in London, though in driving in an open carriage thicker dress is necessary.

The university has about thirty-three professors,

and is usually attended by between 400 and 500 students. It is said that the young men obtain here a good education, but that, after it is completed, they experience a difficulty in getting suitable appointments and situations in life. The only professor with whose name I was previously familiar is M. Keilhau, the author of an immense number of treatises, chiefly geological, of which a distinguished series refers to the proofs which exist in Scandinavia of comparatively recent changes in the relative level of sea and land. Although a victim to bad health, this amiable man offered to conduct me to a spot near Christiania where the remains of *serpula* still adhere to the face of the rocks at a considerable elevation above the sea. It was some time since he had been at the spot, and quarrying operations are going on at it; but he still hoped to be able to show me some examples of this singular curiosity. I was conducted by him to a small hill called Merre-hougen, little more than a mile from the streets of the city. It is composed of beds of soft slate, mingled with strata of noduled limestone, which seem like strings of black beads crossing the rock. Under the cliffy side of the hill excavations are actively going on: I much feared that they might have led to the destruction of all such memorials as we were in search of; but after a few minutes of diligent research, the professor announced that he had found some of the *serpula* still remaining. He attracted my attention to the base of a low vertical cliff, parts of which exhibit lateral polishings and scratchings; and there undoubtedly I saw, with a feeling approaching to surprise, a few small calcareous masses projecting from the face of the rock, which, on near examination, proved to be remains of the marine animals in question. The spot is 170 Norwegian, or about 186 English feet above the level of the sea. It must have been lying high and dry for an enormous period of time, during which vast changes have been going on in the world; nevertheless there are the frail domiciles of these sea-worms still clinging to the rock on which they had been originally fixed, surviving the palaces of Assur and Pul, the tomb of Alexander, and nearly all the pomps of that antiquity which, in all probability, is so much younger than they! What is perhaps the most interesting consideration connected with the case, is the rigid nature of the evidence. The *serpula* is an invertebrate animal, which forms a crusty house for itself on rocks which are daily bathed and exposed by the tide; it can live and work nowhere else. Nature, in such things, is absolutely invariable. Here, then, when we see a rock a mile inland, and 186 feet above the sea, bearing the remains of *serpula*, we know, with the utmost possible certainty, that that rock was once a sea-cliff on which the tide daily rose and fell.

Professor Keilhau was afterwards so obliging as to conduct me through that part of the university museum which contains what he calls objects illustrative of the *soulèvement* of Scandinavia. Amongst others, there were examples of shells and shell gravel, found in beds at various elevations; specimens of the Merre-hougen rock-surface, with the *serpula* adhering; numerous examples of other rocks found in various districts of the country, and exhibiting remains of sea-animals. There was one remarkable piece from a spot at Sarpsborg, near the borders of Norway and Sweden, stated to be twenty miles inland, and 450 Rhenish feet above the sea. In this case the evidence was unusually strong, for clay and sand are deposited at the place, covered with a peat-moss containing remains of marine plants. The whole of this curious and unique collection is in the very nicest order.

Christiania is less remarkable for the cheapness of articles of necessity than the country generally, which again ranks in this respect below Sweden. Elegant life in Christiania may be described as expensive; yet in winter much gaiety is indulged in. The inquiries which I made satisfied me that the numbers of poor people, and the expense which they occasion to the other classes, are not much below what they are in our own

country; wealth and luxury being here apparently, as elsewhere, in direct polarity with misery. Hence I was not surprised to find mean and filthy suburbs in very near neighbourhood to the palace recently erected at the expense of a quarter of a million. Here is a theatre with a Danish company, well attended in its season. I made careful inquiry after the business of literature, and learned that there are twelve printing-offices in Christiania, four of them having machine-presses driven by human labour, and that about a hundred books of one kind and another, including, however, only a few new works, are published in a year.\*

There are about eighty English people, of different ranks, resident in Christiania. Mr Crowe, the English consul-general for Norway, collects such of them as feel inclined, in his house every Sunday, and reads the liturgy and a sermon. He informed me that about a hundred and thirty of our countrymen usually come to Christiania in a year; and to all of these persons, I understand, when they possess proper credentials, he shows civilities, rendering their stay in the city as agreeable to them as possible, and furnishing all the information that may be required to facilitate their movements through the country. Most of these strangers are gentlemen in quest of sport. It is seldom that an English lady makes her appearance so far north. Though a matter in which I had not the slightest personal concern, I made inquiries here and in various other parts of Norway as to rural sport, and became convinced that, excepting for salmon-fishing in the northern rivers, it is not a good field for that kind of amusement. The museums in the large cities afford evidence of there being an abundance of species of wild birds in the country; but abundance of species is a different thing from abundance of individuals. Game birds, excepting ptarmigan, may be described as rare. A man may walk a whole day and scarcely see a feather. How comes it, then, that the markets are well supplied with game in winter? It is, I understand, because the birds are then driven nearer to the haunts of man for food, and so are snared by the common people. Things are better than they were a few years ago, in consequence of a game-law—one, however, having for its object merely a good regulation, for the general benefit, as to the time when shooting may be commenced. As this law is not a defence of the interests or pleasures of one part of the community against another, it obtains the support of public opinion, and offenders are informed against without mercy. Still, Norway presents but a limited amount of sport for the gun. In passing over its immense wildernesses, I wondered that birds were not more plentiful. I marked with some surprise that few living creatures of any kind met my eyes, rooks and magpies being the only birds at all common. I soon found an explanation in the paucity of food presented in a country so thinly peopled, and so little cultivated, and which, for so large a portion of the year, is covered with deep snow. England, with its dense population, seems at first sight a less favourable field for animal life; and yet animal life is there abundant in comparison with what it is in Norway. The reason is, that food is more important for animals than space or exemption from molestation. England, full as it is of people, many of whom are said to gain their bread with some difficulty, has yet more to spare for the wildings of creation than a country which has only a few inhabitants of any kind, and is but little way advanced in civilisation. Nor is food alone concerned. In England the great wealth of the upper classes is used in fostering all animals which can afford

\* The enterprise of the booksellers, and the advanced state of lithography, are evidenced by a work recently completed under the title of *Norge Frenstillet i Tegninger*, being a series of views of Norwegian scenery, accompanied by letterpress. Christiania: Wilhelm C. Fabricius's Bogtrykkerie. 1846-7. This work, which costs about £2 of English money, I would recommend to such as desire to obtain at home a good idea of the physical features of Norway, and the aspect of its principal towns.



any amusement. The country, in addition to its other duties, is obliged to serve as a kind of nursery for these creatures. They are themselves fed, and their enemies are destroyed. Nowhere else in the world is this the case. Britain, therefore, in addition to all its other high qualities, is the country where game is most plentiful. The Highlands of Scotland may be said to be a preserve in comparison with Norway.

At Christiania I had for the first time an opportunity of examining the favourite travelling-carriage of the country, yecept a *carriole*. It is a vehicle of spider-like lightness, with a pair of large wheels, and long springy beams, and a seat for one person, so extremely low, that the traveller is obliged to sit with his legs straight out before him. Room for luggage there is none; or, at the most, a carpet-bag may be strapped on. The person required to bring back the horse to its own station assumes an anomalous position in the rear. I cannot imagine it an agreeable means of travelling, although I am told that young Englishmen soon come to manage it well, and to like it; and I met with one gentleman of that country who had travelled by one, with his wife occupying another. I saw a gentleman purchase a smart new carriole on the street in Christiania for a sum equal to four pounds ten shillings; but I believe they generally cost a little more. It is a matter of considerable difficulty for an English traveller to arrange at Christiania for the means of passing through the country. There are no stage-coaches. The mail is a gig for carrying letters alone. He must either hire a carriage, under the burthen of having perhaps to send it back at a considerable expense, or purchase one, which he may sell at the end of his journey. Then he hears strange stories of the difficulties of his route, and generally is advised to trust to nothing but a carriole, and to take scarcely any luggage. The necessity of having a vehicle to himself must be admitted to be a great impediment; and in the choice between a hired and purchased vehicle it certainly is difficult to decide, though I believe hiring is, on the whole, the better plan. But as to the alleged difficulties of travelling in a carriage, I humbly think them exaggerated. I travelled many hundreds of miles in a four-wheeled hooded vehicle, which gave accommodation for a sufficiency of luggage, and never once was in any serious *embarras*, much less danger, although I had neither a patent drag, nor, what is common, a trailing pike behind, to serve as an arrestment in the event of the horses failing in an ascent. I would therefore recommend any future traveller not to be deterred by what he hears from taking a carriage above the character of a carriole, if he feel so inclined, providing only that he makes sure of its strength, and has a trusty servant to act as driver.

I made an excursion from Christiania to Drammen, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, situated at the head of another branch of the fiord about twenty-eight miles distant. Here, it is said, 40,000 tons of shipping are employed annually in exporting timber, and it is accordingly a place of considerable consequence. The road passes along sufficiently near the sea to allow occasional glimpses of it with its pretty islands, while the hills rise to the right in greater elevation and roughness than any I had yet seen in Norway, exhibiting smoothings only in the lower grounds. After a five-hours' drive, we passed over the brow of a hill into a valley, and beheld Drammen beautifully situated at the embouchure of two rivers which almost join before reaching the sea. One of these rivers there is a lake only a few miles up; and on the banks of this stream at Drammen we see scarcely any alluvial formations. The other, in the lower part of its course, is skirted with terraces of clay, rising one above another to the height of several hundred feet. The cause of this difference I would explain thus:—At the time when the land was submerged to a considerable depth, the latter river brought down detritus, which it deposited in the valley in a thick bed, and this detritus was formed into terraces during the subsequent change of the relative level

of sea and land, each terrace marking a pause in that progressive change. In the original circumstances, the detritus brought down by the other river was intercepted by the hollow which afterwards became a lake; so that there was none to form terraces at a lower point. A careful levelling showed that the principal terrace, and that which was best defined and most perseveringly marked on both sides of the river, was just about the same elevation above the sea as that at Elsinore. To the south of the town I found a still more remarkable phenomenon—namely, an exposed face of rock all smoothed in the usual manner, but with a double set of dressings at one limited place, one being in a north and south direction up the hill, while the other was from east to west. Such a circumstance would seem to imply an occasional change in the direction of the smoothing agent, probably under the influence of local causes.

R. C.

## THE TRIAL BY CAÏMAN.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

CERTAIN philosophers of the last century discovered that savage life was preferable to civilisation, and regretted in pathetic tones the unhappy condition of those nations which have made any progress in the arts of life. These admirers of what is very absurdly called a state of nature could never have visited Madagascar, or even have wandered thither in imagination, waited on the magic chariot of the pen. Had they done so, I doubt if they would have deplored the demoralising effects of civilisation upon a primitive people. The Madagascarites—whether Malgaches, or Antaouars, or Belimsaraes, or of the other numerous tribes—are in truth primitive. They go nearly naked, they allow a plurality of wives, they believe in charms, they delight in war, they adore birds and animals, they kill children born in an unlucky hour, they bury a large quantity of ready money with every rich man, and never dig it up, suffering severe inconvenience in a short currency thereby; while, worst of all, their criminal justice consists in giving the *tanghin*. The *tanghin* (*Tanghinia veneriflua*) is a subtle vegetable poison, which is administered to persons accused of sorcery. Any individual can accuse another of this crime, and demand the application of the *tanghin*, or the (*lela-bi*) tongue and iron. The accuser goes before a judge and states his case; the judge sends him to the *ompan unghm*, who is half priest half executioner. Having learned the motives of the accusation, this person first experiments on young fowls. He gives them *tanghin* in water, and says, 'If thou art come forth from a bull, die!' If it dies, the presumption against the accused is strong. He then tries again, 'If thou'rt come from the shell of an egg, die; if thou hast for father a bull, live!' If the fowl dies, the evidence is startling.

This trial takes place seven times, and if there be three results in favour of the prosecution, the *ampan* gives the heads and claws of the fowls to the informer, who goes before the judge and gets an order for a *sahali*, or trial. A *traon-fadi*, or hut of repentance, is built, in which the judge, witnesses, accused, *ampan*, and all to be present at the trial, pass the night. Next morning, the accused, stripped of all clothing, is placed on the green sward, and surrounded by the crowd. The judge makes a speech, and the *ampan* gives the *tanghin* mixed with water on a *ravinala* leaf, after which the victim swallows a cup of rice water. Frightful convulsions soon ensue, and the wretched being dies in ninety cases out of a hundred, confessing all he is asked to confess. The *lela-bi* consists in passing a hot iron over the victim's tongue three times, when, if a blister rises, the spears of the bystanders immediately terminate his life. This barbarous and savage legislation is observably effectual in checking the increase of population. Scarcely a day passes but some head of a family perishes. But the most abominable feature in the affair is, that the goods of the victim are divided into three parts—one for the chief, one for his officers, and the third for the informer. Radama, the

celebrated king of Madagascar, when shown the absurdity and wickedness of the practice, replied, 'Find me another tax which will so easily fill my treasury.'

But these primitive habits are not all. The people of this great island have others, which will be explained by my narrative.

In the village of Matatana, on the river of the same name, lived Rakar, a young girl of sixteen, of gentle mien and modest countenance, belonging to the aristocratic cast of the Zanak-andia. The village is situated on an island at some distance from the banks of the river, and, containing 800 houses, is not of small importance in the land, being, moreover, fortified. Rakar was a beauty, and rich, her father having left her much property at his death; and she owned numerous slaves. She had many suitors as a matter of course; but she was more fastidious than the generality of her people, and none seemed to touch her heart until young René, a native born, but whose father was a Frenchman, appeared in the village on a trading expedition. Rakar saw and loved. The semi-white was handsome, tall, and striking in mien, and, it was said, generous and frank in character. But René scarcely saw Rakar, or, if he did, he distinguished her not from the multitude of dark women who flitted around him in a costume which was not very far removed from that of Eve in Paradise. He was present at the dances of the village; he admired the supple and elegant forms of the girls who demonstrated their talent before him; but his eye seemed to favour no one in particular. Rakar was stricken with despair, and went to an old woman, learned in the science of futurity, for counsel. The old woman took her fee, ordered incantations without number, and promised to turn the heart of the cold youth towards her; but more piasires in pure gold went than results were produced, and Rakar almost regretted having used any other charms than those she had been endowed with by nature.

Still, love is a passion which, in this primitive state of society, is not easily to be conquered by reflection, or even its apparent futility. In civilisation the feeling would have been concealed by the female for ever, unless called forth by the addresses of the man. Rakar attempted not to convey to René the least suspicion of her emotions, the more that she had heard him declaim against the idea of settling in a wild, out-of-the-world place like Matatana. But she put faith in Deraff, the protective genius of the Malgaches, and one morning early she crossed over to the mainland in a piroque to pray for his intercession. The vegetable productions of Madagascar are varied and rich, and the wooded shore was composed of a vast tangled mass of trees and parasites, whose appearance, despite their hard appellations, was gorgeous in the extreme, each vying with the other in the beauty of leaf and flower. Amid a dense thicket of this verdure Rakar concealed herself, neither listening to the songs of the strange choristers of the woods, nor dreading the snakes, nor scorpions, nor wild boars and cats, which people the virgin forests of this prolific isle. She knew a shady spot, yet open to the light, where the *ravintsara* sent forth its delicious perfume from nut and leaf, and where also grew the plants she made use for her incantation.

The place selected was a hollow where the grass grew to a prodigious height, rank and strong, and here Rakar halted, after collecting a quantity of the herbs she needed. These were piled in a heap in an open space, which she cleared with her hands, and several odorous leaves and nuts of the *ravintsara* being added, the young girl set fire to the whole, and sitting down, began to chant a monotonous ballad, beginning,

'Ho! hé! he! zala hé, the moon looks down,  
The moon in the blue sky, he! he! he!'

such as is universally sung throughout the land.

The dry grass and twigs cracked, flamed, and smoked, while the young Zanak gazed eagerly on, as if expecting an instant manifestation of the will of Deraff. But as nothing greeted her eager eyes, she still hoped that the guardian spirit of her race would act invisibly, and was

about to rise and return, when a step was heard, and Ratsimi, one of her suitors, stood before her.

'Rakar is burning incense to the Angatch' (evil spirit), said the young man coldly.

'And why not to Zanaar?' asked the girl shuddering, and quoting the good angel of her faith.

'You do not answer?' continued Ratsimi.

'I own no right in you to ask me,' said the Zanak, moving as if to go.

'Rakar knows well that Ratsimi loves her; that he has told her so two moons ago; and that, like Raafou—who dared the enemy of man in the Mount Tangoury for love of Fihali—Ratsimi would brave any danger for Rakar.'

'I have spoken once,' replied the young Zanak coldly; 'the daughter of the great chief of the mountains will not be even the first wife of Ratsimi, much less one of his wives.'

'Rakar!' cried the lover impetuously, 'do not anger me. Recollect I have caught you exercising sorcery.'

'Give me up to the ampan then!' said the girl indignantly. 'Your threats have less value than your protestations; and Rakar ran lightly through the wood, leaving Ratsimi in a violent passion, thinking over vengeance—a passion which is tempered only by religion and civilisation.'

Rakar was not without alarm. She knew Ratsimi to be a young man of violent passions, sometimes uncontrollable; but she still doubted his descending to denounce her because she could not return his love. She paddled quickly across the river to the village, and met René smoking his pipe before breakfast on the strand. René complimented the girl, without looking at her, on her address and activity in paddling.

'A Malgache girl is not always flying from a lover,' replied Rakar, as she was about to pass.

'What mean you? Flying from a lover! That's not like your age and race,' said René curiously.

'Rakar is different from her race, and runs to avoid the anger of Ratsimi, who is heated with passion because I said I loved him not.'

'And who, pretty one, is the favoured brave?' asked René, gazing on her with admiration.

'Rakar never accepted love from any one,' she cried, and darted away.

René filled his pipe, and puffed away for some time in silence, thinking the Zanak a strange girl, and then he went to breakfast, and forgot the subject.

That evening there was solemn council held in the camp of Matatana. It chanced to be the night of full moon, but the pale and cold luminary had not yet risen over the lofty trees, though its light already pervaded the sky. A marshy space near the river's bank was the spot chosen for the deliberation, which never took place but on the night of the full moon. The chief of the village sat on a raised pile of boughs—around were the men and women of the place in a vast circle. René leant against a tree behind Ova the old head of Matatana. The river lay dark and gloomy beside them, its swift current glancing by in the gloom, and pouring at a great distance into the vast ocean. Beyond was the great island of Madagascar, and about two hundred yards distant a low bank covered with reeds, often infested by caïmans of the most ferocious and ravenous character, as are most of the rivers in those parts. Suddenly the moon rose in the sky, the water danced pellucid and sparkling in the light, the trees waved clearly their dark outlines, and the whole tribe could be distinguished. It was ten o'clock, and the affair of the night commenced.

Rakar stood before the chief, accused by Ratsimi of sorcery.

As soon as the moon had risen, Ova stood up, and, like most of his countrymen, fond of speech, addressed the assembly at length on the atrocious crime of sorcery. He pointed out its fatal consequences, visible in the ailments which it produced, and the many deaths yearly in the village, all to be attributed to the wickedness of male and female conjurers. He was sorry that a girl so excellent and worthy should be there on so terrible a charge, but he must see justice done.

Ratsimi then declared his belief that she was a witch, and related what he had seen that morning, leaving out his declaration of love and his threat. He expressed profound grief at having to accuse one so lovely and charming, and hoped she might clear herself.

A judge then rose and implored Rakar to tell the truth, and confess her crime—an act that would have been giving herself to certain death on the instant, and which the Zanak declined performing, it may be presumed, for that very reason.

'I am innocent,' she cried aloud. 'Ratsimi is a false coward: the caimans will decide between us!'

'As you will; so be it,' said the judge.

'What are they about to do?' whispered René to a Malgache near him.

'Rakar will swim out to yonder island. If guilty, the caimans will devour her: if innocent, she will come back in safety.'

'But the river swarms with these savage monsters. The girl is innocent: I swear it—I know it!'

'She must bear the trial,' said the superstitious Malgache: 'if innocent, there is no danger.'

'This is mere savage stupidity: I will speak!'

'And die,' said his friend solemnly. 'The people will spear you if you dare to interfere.'

René ground his teeth with rage, and moved nearer the young girl.

'Rakar,' said Ova, 'confess: once more I conjure you.'

'The caimans shall decide,' replied the Zanak, who, conscious of her innocence of anything beyond trying a harmless charm for a harmless end, under the advice of a urie-woman, felt safe; for she believed in the efficacy of the trial.

'Ombiach,' cried the chief, addressing the half-priest half-executioner, 'she is yours.'

The ombiach took her by the hand, and led her towards the river, on the banks of which he addressed a conjuration to the savage crocodiles, calling on them to rise and devour her if guilty, and left her to a few young attached female friends, who braved contagion, and stood by her to the last. Rakar thanked them gently.

'Rafara,' said she, turning to one, 'give me that ribbon to tie my long hair: it may prevent my swimming freely.'

The girl, much moved, gave the silken tie, and aided her herself to apply it.

Then Rakar took off her *simbou* and *seidek*—garments equivalent to European petticoats—and plunged into the river.

René shuddered, and, with the whole tribe, rushed to the banks of the stream. The bright moon illumined the picture in every detail. There was the bold swimmer, her head and arms only visible, while her long hair floated behind, as driven back by the wind: every splash was seen clearly. She swam with astonishing rapidity. René felt sick: he knew the fatal character of the river, and had himself shot caimans on the little island. The whole village gazed on coldly, but some anxiously. Ratsimi stood sullen and silent on one side. Every time there was the least stir in the water, all expected to hear a shriek and a struggle. The reptiles to which Rakar was exposed could have killed her at one bite. From twelve to twenty feet long, their voracity is frightful, and many is the victim which falls under their jaws, especially in these trials, which at Matatana replaced the tanghin.

A low murmur of applause arose as Rakar stood upright on the island, and then sat down to gain breath. René thought the trial was now over; but the worst was to come. The unfortunate girl was in a very nest of crocodiles: but, nothing terrified, she rose after five minutes, and plunged headlong into the stream, and disappeared. René held his breath for half a minute, at the expiration of which she reappeared not, and then felt inexpressible delight as she rose and landed. Again, after taking breath, she plunged a second and a third time, and, rare instance of good-fortune, reappeared as often. After some time she entered the river once more, and swam towards home.

'The worst is now to come,' thought René: 'the savage animals must be alarmed by all that noise. God help her!' he added, as he caught sight of a commotion in the water near the island, and next minute saw a huge caiman with his scales flashing in the moon's rays.

The young man closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, Rakar was within fifty yards of the shore. With a wild shout of joy René fired the two barrels of his fowling-piece, as if by way of triumph, but in reality in the desperate hope of checking the progress of any pursuing alligator. The people shouted: they felt the lovely Zanak was innocent. Ratsimi stood transfixed with terror: still, another death-like silence ensued. The girl was weary, and swam slowly, but presently was within ten yards of the shore. Her female friends were ready with a large cloak given by René for the purpose, a white African *bumoore* which he wore at night; and as this fell around her, so did the arms of the young man.

'People of Matatana, I claim this heroic and innocent girl as my wife!' he cried wild with enthusiasm and joy. 'I knew her innocent and beautiful; I now know her for something more. As for that base wretch, I claim for him the law of retaliation.'

'As for claiming the girl as a wife,' said the chief, 'that rests with her; but Ratsimi will pay unto her a thousand piastres, and thus, in poverty and misery, will repent his folly.'

'Worse than folly!' cried René: 'the girl refused his love, and this is his revenge!'

'Is this true, Rakar?' asked Ova.

Rakar, far more troubled at the sudden explosion of the young man's feelings than at her trial, was silent a moment, and then made an open confession, not without blushes—many, yet unseen—before the whole tribe. Now that René had spoken, her love was legitimate and just; and according to her native customs, she felt a pride in her public avowals.

'Ratsimi,' said Ova, when she had concluded, 'you are a false and lying slave. Rakar has the choice. You will swim to Caiman Island as did she, or you will pay her all the value of your flocks and cattle, and then be bound as a slave to her for life. Choose, girl.'

'I forgive him all!' cried Rakar warmly; 'for am I not happy? I have gained the husband that I love: that was worth the race.'

René's admiration knew no bounds; and then on the spot he denounced the wickedness and folly of this mode of trial, showed how easily malevolence could get up false accusations, and offered, if the tribe would abolish all such practices, to settle amongst them; otherwise, he would retire to Mauritius, where he was educated, and visit them no more. His eloquence was persuasive; the people were in a moment of enthusiasm: the custom was abolished, the ombiach dismissed, and that very evening the simple marriage ceremony of Matatana was celebrated. René settled in the place, was very happy, and lives there, for aught I know to the contrary, up to this day. He made Rakar a happy woman, and found a deep satisfaction in having been the instrument of abolishing *trial by caiman*.\*

#### MADAME CATALANI.†

It were superfluous to inform our readers that the name appearing at the head of this article belonged to one of the most celebrated singers of the present century; for who has not heard of the wondrous syren by whose voice thousands, nay, millions, have been enchanted, and whose career was mingled up with some of the great events in contemporaneous history?

Familiar, however, as the name of Madame Catalani may be to us all, yet many amongst us are perhaps but little acquainted with her history, and we hope it may not prove an ungrateful task if we communicate some

\* The above scene is no fiction: It was witnessed by Lequeral de Lacombe.

† Abridged from the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.'



authentic details of a life which forms so memorable an epoch in the annals of art.

Angelica Catalani was born in October 1779, at Sinigaglia, a small town in the Roman states. Her father, a very estimable man, was a magistrate, a sort of judge of the peace, who had much difficulty in providing for his numerous family, consisting of four girls and two boys. In order to supply the deficiencies of his small income, the father of the future *prima donna* traded in diamonds; nor was this plurality of occupations altogether unprofitable in a place which boasts of its annual fair as one of the largest and most brilliant in Italy. Signor Catalani, nevertheless, found himself so straitened in his circumstances, that he decided on providing for his daughter Angelica by placing her in a convent, where in due season she should pronounce the solemn and irrevocable vows of monastic life. Accordingly, Angelica entered at an early age the convent of Sta. Lucia di Gubbio, which is not very far distant from Sinigaglia; and this establishment being exclusively devoted to the education of noble young ladies of the province, Signor Catalani only secured the admission of his daughter by proving her distant parentage with the House of Mastai, a family which has recently obtained celebrity of a very different sort by the elevation of Pius IX. to the papal chair.

It was in the convent of Sta. Lucia di Gubbio that the youthful Angelica received her earliest knowledge of the art of music. There, as in all the monastic establishments of Italy, music constituted a large portion of their religious services. On Sundays more especially, and on high festivals, the nuns and the novices made the vaulted roof of their chapel resound with the melody of their hymns. Among those sweet voices was soon distinguished that of Angelica Catalani, on account of its flexibility, its compass, and the rich brilliancy of its tones. The nuns, wishing to profit by so rare a talent, made her sing short solos, which attracted a great concourse of worshippers to the shrine of her patroness Sta. Lucia. 'Let us go and hear *la maravigliosa Angelica*,' was wont to be said upon the days of great solemnity; and the doors of the chapel were so thronged, that many were obliged to withdraw without gaining admittance. Some devout people, being scandalised by the somewhat *profane* success of Angelica, complained of it to the bishop, who commanded the superior to put an end to the solos of the young novice. The lady-abbess was equally loth to disobey the bishop, and to give up a practice which was so useful to the poor pensioners of her convent: accordingly, she sought to satisfy her conscience and silence the murmurs of the scrupulous by placing Angelica behind a group of novices, who concealed their companion from the crowd, and tempered the brilliancy of that voice which, at a later period, was destined to fill all Europe with its triumphs. The throng of worshippers would not suffer themselves, however, to be thus robbed of their idol, and rising upon tiptoe, head above head, peered into the gallery, hoping to obtain a glimpse of the young girl by whose voice they were so entranced. On one day of festival more especially, when the charming Angelica, clad in white, sang an 'Ave Maria stella' in such sweet and touching tones, that the whole congregation melted into tears, the enthusiasm was so great, that every one pressed towards the spot where she stood, desiring if it were only to kiss the hand or the garment of *la virginella* whom God had so richly endowed with the gift of song.

Signorina Catalani remained in the convent of Gubbio until she had attained the age of fourteen years. Her father, in spite of the earnest intreaties addressed to him from all parts, could not decide on allowing his daughter's talents to be devoted to secular purposes. His own strict piety, as well as the nature of his office, made him regard with extreme repugnance every profession which was connected with the theatre. At length, overcome by the tears of Angelica, and the urgent solicitations of his family, Signor Catalani consented to send his daughter to Florence, to take lessons from Marchesi, who was at that time one of the most celebrated sopranos in Italy.

Angelica Catalani studied for two years under the

direction of this master, who taught her to moderate the extreme facility of her voice, which was as extended in its compass as it was brilliant in its tone. Unfortunately she also imbibed from him too exclusive a taste for the pomp and tinsel of the Italian vocal school. While the youthful Angelica was thus preparing to achieve the brilliant destiny which awaited her, she chanced to hear at Florence a very celebrated *cantatrice*—it is supposed to have been Gabrielli—whose performance filled her with the deepest emotion. Overwhelmed with admiration and astonishment at the talent of this singer, Angelica burst into tears, and naively exclaimed, 'Alas, alas! I shall never attain to such perfection!' The fashionable cantatrice expressed her desire to see the young girl who had paid her so flattering a compliment, and after having made her sing in her presence, she embraced her tenderly, saying, 'Reassure yourself, my child; in a few years hence you will have surpassed me, and then it will be my turn to weep at your success.'

Mademoiselle Catalani made her debut at the Théâtre la Fenice at Venice in 1795, in an opera of Nicolini's. She was then just sixteen. A tall and finely-proportioned figure, a skin of dazzling whiteness, a swan-like throat, lovely, and yet noble-looking features, all combined to render the young cantatrice a very charming person. As for her voice, it was a soprano of the most exquisite quality, and embracing a compass of nearly three octaves. There was a perfect equality, as well as an incomparable flexibility, in all her tones. With such advantages, it may readily be supposed that she found no difficulty in conquering the sympathies of an Italian public, and her success at Venice was as instantaneous as it was brilliant. Surrounded by her family, and in presence of her master, Marchesi, who wished to encourage her first steps in the profession, Angelica was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and her musical fame quickly spread abroad throughout Europe.

The fair songstress was destined, however, soon to leave these scenes of her earliest triumphs; for her father, wishing, if possible, to withdraw her from the perilous glory of a dramatic career, accepted the offers of the prince-regent of Portugal, a great amateur of music, who earnestly desired to secure her services as the first singer in the Chapel-Royal at Lisbon. Accordingly, she quitted her native land in 1796, and, accompanied by her family, became domesticated in Portugal.

After having for a while devoted her talents exclusively to the religious services of the Chapel-Royal, Angelica found that the emoluments of this situation but ill sufficed for the wants of the numerous family, of whom she now formed the chief support; and whether influenced solely by this cause, or whether swayed by a longing for dramatic fame, she soon made her appearance on the Lisbon theatre, where she was greeted with the most overwhelming enthusiasm. Here also, under the direction of the celebrated Crescentini, she learned to correct some of those defects of style which she had acquired from the clever yet too florid Marchesi. Mademoiselle Catalani quickly became as great a favourite in private as in public life. During six years, she was the idol of the court as well as of the city of Lisbon. The reserve of her manners, her gentle piety, and the goodness of her heart, procured for her the esteem, as well as the love, of those who formed her acquaintance. The regent treated her like one of his own children.

When General Lannes was sent as French ambassador to Lisbon, he brought with him a young French officer, who was destined to exercise a great influence on the fate of the celebrated cantatrice. M. de Valabrégue, captain in the 8th regiment of hussars, was an agreeable man, of very distinguished address and appearance. He had many opportunities of meeting Mademoiselle Catalani in the circle of the French ambassador, and she appeared pleased with his lively conversation, his noble aspect, and perhaps a little attracted too by his elegant and becoming uniform. M. de Valabrégue was no less struck by the beauty and naïve yet earnest simplicity of the fair singer, nor was he altogether unmindful of the rich promise of fortune contained in her splendid voice.

so he sought her hand. The family and friends of Angelica Catalani felt an extreme repugnance to the proposed union; but to all the representations which were made to her on the subject she only replied with a sigh, 'Ma che bel ufficiale!' and before long, the handsome officer carried off the prize, and the marriage was celebrated at the court chapel, in presence of the prince-regent and of General Lannes. Madame de Valabrégue, who continued to bear her own family name, quitted Lisbon early in 1806. She had just formed a most advantageous engagement for the Italian Opera in London. She went first to Madrid, where she gave several concerts, which brought her in a considerable sum of money. Then passing through France, she arrived in Paris early in June 1806. Her fame had already preceded her in that great capital, and the public curiosity was so strongly stimulated, that, on her giving three concerts at the Opera-House, every part of the building was crowded to excess, although the tickets were raised to threefold their ordinary price. With the exception of Paganini, no musical artist since that time has kindled the same glowing enthusiasm at Paris as was awakened by this celebrated singer.

Among the hearers of Madame Catalani at the French Opera-House was the Emperor Napoleon, who, although destitute of any taste for music, wished to fix the admired cantatrice in his capital, partly from an ambitious desire to see himself surrounded by great artists, and partly with the view of diverting the thoughts of the Parisians from graver and more dangerous topics. Accordingly, he commanded her attendance at the Tuileries. The poor woman had never been brought before into contact with this terrible virtuoso of war, who at that time filled all Europe with the fame of his *fioriture*: she trembled from head to foot on entering his presence. 'Where are you going, madame?' inquired the master with his abrupt tone and imperial voice. 'To London, sire.' 'You must remain in Paris, where you shall be well paid, and where your talents will be better appreciated. You shall have a hundred thousand francs a year, and two months' vacation—that is settled. Adieu, madame!' And the cantatrice retired, more dead than alive, without having dared to inform her brusque interrogator that it was impossible for her to break an engagement which she had formed with the English ambassador in Portugal. If Napoleon had been acquainted with this circumstance, he would undoubtedly have laid an embargo on the fair singer, whom he would have considered a rich capture from his enemies. Madame Catalani was not the less obliged to make her escape from France without a passport. She embarked secretly at Morlaix, on board a vessel which had been sent for the exchange of prisoners, and to whose captain she paid £150 for his services. This interview with the Emperor Napoleon made so deep an impression on Madame Catalani, that she was wont to speak of it as the most agitating moment of her life.

Madame Catalani arrived in London in December 1806. The partiality of the English for Italian music and musicians dates from an early period of our national history. In the sixteenth century, we hear of Italian lute-players, as well as singers of madrigals and canzonets, performing at the splendid entertainments which were given to Queen Elizabeth by her nobles and courtiers. The Italian Opera was opened in London early in the eighteenth century, and within its walls, which were ever frequented by the higher classes of London society, shone forth successively the most celebrated Italian singers nurtured in the schools of Naples, Rome, Bologna, and Venice, for the amusement of the 'barbarians.'

Never, however, had any cantatrice obtained in London the same success as Madame Catalani, whose appearance seemed to be regarded as a public event in which multitudes were interested. The wonderful compass of her voice; the equability and fullness of her tones; the magnificence, the *bris* of her vocalisation, which seemed to expand itself in its sparkling rapidity, like some fountain playing in the sunshine; the distinguished elegance of her person, her noble bearing and fine character—all contributed to excite a universal enthusiasm in her favour.

Madame Catalani was, during eight years, the idol of England. Admitted into the most aristocratic circles, who were gratified by her having resisted the seductions of Napoleon, courted by the Tories, admired by the Whigs, she held the whole nation under the charm of her chromatic gamuts and her enchanting *gorgheggi*. Whenever the season was over in London, Madame Catalani visited the provinces, giving concerts wherever she went; and no sooner did her name appear upon a bill, than it acted as an irresistible talisman, drawing around her crowds even in the smallest market-towns of the British empire.

The effect which Madame Catalani produced upon the English public was not solely that of a great artist or even of a charming woman. By her sympathy in their national feelings of loyalty to their sovereign, and of antipathy to Napoleon, she won many a heart which might have been insensible to her beauty as well as to the enchantment of her voice. Perhaps this influence was never so perceptible as at those moments of public depression when Napoleon had gained some unexpected victory, and Madame Catalani would step forth upon the boards of Drury-Lane, and sing *confiochi*, 'God save the King,' or 'Rule Britannia.' When her magnificent voice launched upon the thrilling multitude those words so full of national pride, 'Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,' or when she gave utterance in the voice of song to the prayer of the country, 'Send him victorious, happy and glorious,' then would the excited audience rise *en masse* and applaud with passionate enthusiasm the noble-looking cantatrice, who was compared by many to Juno uplifting the waves with one glance of her queenly eye. Thus was our fair Italian virtually enrolled in the grand coalition formed by England against her implacable enemy.

Madame Catalani came to Paris in 1814, with the Allies, to enjoy her share of the common triumph. On the 4th of February 1815 she gave a grand concert at the Opera-House for the benefit of the poor, when her success was as brilliant as it had been in 1806. During the Hundred Days she disappeared from the scene, having followed Louis XVIII. to Ghent, where her house became the resort of the most illustrious emigrants. After an excursion into Holland and Belgium, Madame Catalani returned to Paris on the second restoration of the Bourbons. It was at this period that Louis XVIII., wishing to reward the attachment that Madame Catalani had ever evinced for his person, as well as for the cause of legitimacy, bestowed on her the privilege of the Italian Theatre, together with a grant of 160,000 francs. This enterprise became to her the source of endless contrarieties and vexations; for M. de Valabrégue, being a man of restless mind, and jealous of any one who seemed likely to compete with his wife in the popular favour, sought to dismiss from the Théâtre-Italien the most talented artists. At length Madame Catalani found herself obliged to abandon this unfortunate direction, after having lost the good graces of the Parisian public, together with 500,000 francs of her fortune. In order to repair this double misfortune, the celebrated cantatrice undertook a long journey in the north of Europe. She visited Denmark, Sweden, and Germany, being greeted everywhere with triumphant applause, and amassing a vast sum of money by the exercise of her splendid talent.

In 1817 Madame Catalani visited Venice, where, about thirty years before, her youth and her fame had burst into such early and such glorious bloom. Here the same laurels awaited her as had been laid at her feet when she made her first appearance at the Fenice. Then was she breathing the poetic atmosphere of hope, with all its joyous dreams and bright illusions; now all her youthful fancies had been more than realised; but had her successful and triumphant life been productive of all the happiness predicted by a fond and glowing imagination! This was a question to which perhaps she scarcely dared to answer even within the recesses of her own heart.

We shall not attempt to follow the steps of our indefatigable traveller, who visited the most remote corners of Europe. Suffice it here to mention her journey to St



Petersburg in 1823, where she met with the most cordial and gracious reception from the Emperor Alexander. The last time of her appearance in public was, we understand, at a concert which she gave in Dublin in the year 1828.

After having thus, during so long a period, enchanted the world by her musical talents, Madame Catalani retired to a noble property in the neighbourhood of Florence, where the later years of her life were passed in the midst of a refined and opulent ease, and in the enjoyment of that public esteem which had been won for her by the dignity of her character, the serenity of her mind, and the unflinching charity of her heart. In the charming solitude that she had formed for herself, she continued to cultivate the art to which she was so passionately attached. She sang to please herself, as well as for the enjoyment of her friends; nor was she ever deaf to the solicitations of the miserable or necessitous when they came to invoke the magic of her name and talent in their behalf.

The tumults and intestine broils by which Florence was disturbed towards the close of 1848 excited her alarm, and caused her precipitately to leave the pleasant villa which had been her home for so many years. She came to seek a refuge in Paris among her children who are settled there, and who, by the right transmitted to them by their father, are citizens of France. The cholera, during its recent visitations in that capital, carried off this celebrated woman, after a few hours' illness, on the 12th June of this present year (1849) at the age of sixty-nine.

A few days before her death, Madame Catalani, who was sitting in her saloon without any presentiment of her approaching end, received a visit from an unknown lady, who declined giving her name to the servant. On being ushered into her presence, the stranger bowed before her with a graceful yet lowly reverence, saying, 'I am come to offer my homage to the most celebrated cantatrice of our time, as well as to the most noble of women: bless me, madame, I am Jenny Lind!' Madame Catalani, moved even to tears, pressed the Swedish Nightingale to her heart. After a prolonged interview, they parted, each to pursue her own appointed path: the one, to close her eyes, with unexpected haste, upon earth, with all its shifting hopes and fears—the other, to enjoy fresh triumphs, the more pure and happy, as they are the fruit not only of her bewitching talent, but also of that excellence which wins for her in every place the heartfelt homage of esteem and love.

#### ANGLERS' FANCIES.

WALTON has given a very seductive description of angling, and has connected with the art scenes of meditation, innocence, and rural enjoyment. An angler, in his view, must be a good man. Now, without detracting from the general merits of the character, it has occurred to me, after mixing for a time with the lovers of this gentle craft, that there are some peculiar tendencies in these gentlemen which call for a certain degree of animadversion. Isaac, I think, goes a little too far. A fisher has his fancies and foibles like other men; and without meaning to decry the general respectability of the craft, I would just hint at a few points in which he suffers his imagination to run away with him.

One of these is a tendency to look at things through the water—to magnify, as it were; a kind of uncromioniousness in dealing with facts, as if these were small matters, which fishers were entitled by their calling to overlook. For instance, with regard to the number, size, and species of the fish taken, the sportsman, whatever his age, rank, or general character, exhibits an elasticity of conscience which is not observable in his common life. Dozens count for hundreds, an ounce for a pound, and a par or minnow for a trout. On the subject of salmon-fishing, this largeness of vision is the most remarkable; for a grilse of three pounds thinks nothing of weighing eight or ten in the angler's scales, and those of larger size leap at once into a gigantic salmon. As to the quality of the fish, it suffers a sea-change too; and a yellow kipper blazes like the brightest silver.

It may be said that it would be easy for a well-mean-

ing friend to bring these matters to the test of experience, and convince the deluded sportsman that he laboured under some degree of glamour; but I have often tried this, and have always found very considerable difficulty in the way. I have accompanied fishers of high repute to the burn; have stood shivering at their elbow from morn till dewy eve; and, after all, have seen only a few par committed to the roomy basket. Nevertheless, when I left them in despair, I have been told, to my utter confusion the next day, that ever so many dozens were caught in the twilight just after my departure. I would walk twenty miles to see a salmon taken with the rod, but my curiosity was never yet gratified. What exploit, however, is more common than this? I have been living for some time in a country town on the banks of the Tweed; and in the evening you see, sauntering at the door of the inn, jolly-looking fellows redolent of cigars, with fly-hooks twisted round their hats, and their breast-pockets swollen out with hook-books, their tall rods leaning aristocratically against the wall, as if reposing, like their masters, after the fatigues of the day. The whole has a grand look; and one cannot help thinking of what the results must be of all this preparation. In the evening you hear the story from their own lips, as they converse over their toddy—how nicely a monster of a salmon was hooked; how he plunged; how he twisted; how he sulked; how the angler stumbled into a pool; how he swam with the rod in his teeth; how at length, with the merest gossamer of gut, he hauled the leviathan on his side to the bank; and with what precision he then struck him with his gaff—although not without spraining his wrist in the conflict, which he incontinent exhibits to the company, still blackened, if not swollen. The squire clenches the anecdote; and he would be an infidel indeed who, as the company warms into emulation of the narrative, and similar heroic details circulate round the table with the glass, would parody between his teeth the lines of the poet—

'Thus, when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,  
You talk of nibbles that you never felt,  
And fancy salmon that you never knew!'

In such meetings of the brotherhood there is often a mutual inspection of hooks and lines, which leads to a great display of piscatory lore. Each hook has its history. One is taken out with becoming reverence; and the fortunate proprietor, after drawing the gut carefully between his lips, and stroking its somewhat scanty plumage, will tell who was its dresser—what were its adventures—the number of its victims—and all 'its moving accidents by flood;' how it was found in the mouth of a fish which had been lost and rehocked; and how it had succeeded in some desperate day, when younger and better-appointed hooks had failed. This distinguished instrument is then handed round and commented on; and the young fisher—whose hook-book is a series of illumined pages, each gleaming with flies of Oriental lustre—gazes with envy and awe on the little gray veteran as it passes. Now comes a trial of the strength of snoods, and a discourse on the plaiting of lines. Haply one has a line wrought by the well-known captain, from the fair hair of one of Edina's loveliest daughters; and a murmur of applause is heard through the room as its elasticity and strength are displayed by its proud possessor.

This competition in wonders may perhaps be considered a fisher's foible; but I would rather give that name to the mutual depreciation to which it leads. The angler demands belief, but will give none in return. In such scenes as I have alluded to there is much whispering and eye-dilating among the company; and I have observed that even when a fish is drawn triumphantly from the basket in evidence, it is by no means considered to be conclusive of the fact. It may be that a noted poacher was on the river that day—but what then? The fellow himself makes his appearance in the evening in a state of dreamy drunkenness; but you may see by his air of resolute denial, and the dull, ox-like stare he fixes upon the successful angler, that there is nothing to be

got out of him. It may be remarked that fishers seldom see each other's fish caught, and that they shun one another on the river. They are very fidgety when people look into their baskets, as if they came to spy the nakedness of the land. A noted fisher of my own acquaintance, on seeing a tyro undoubtedly hook and draw ashore a fish, remarked with some spleen that the creature had very *bad teeth*. Even the gift of a salmon from a fishing friend to another of the craft, though in itself acceptable, appears to occasion some sort of uneasiness; and often there is a minute inspection, to discover if the fish be not a regular capture of the net, with a mouth unconscious of the hook. This I hold to be ungenerous. We should not look a gift-fish any more than a gift-horse in the mouth.

It cannot be denied, however, that many things occur to sour the temper of an angler. The weather, for instance, is a fertile subject for theory; and it is to be observed that a true fisher, although contradicted every day of his life by the event, never gives in, but lives and dies in his faith. Indeed I have never been able to hear two opinions on the weather alike, even from the indigenous fishers of the place. One would guess that 'there was ower muckle fire in the air;' another believed 'the wind was in the east;' a third that 'it was too warm;' and a fourth that 'it was too cold.' The water was at one time too high, at another too low; now too dark, now too clear; in short, there seemed to be necessary to successful fishing such a combination of circumstances as must occur but rarely. Then I could never ascertain what colour of fly was suitable for the day. Some advised me to consult the hedges on the subject, and observe what fly was in vogue at the time. But even if all was right at last, the chances were, that I returned unsuccessful, and profanely voted fishing a drudgery, a delusion, and a bore. I have been assured, notwithstanding, that there are some philosophers who go to work scientifically, and fill their baskets with certainty, and with little fuss. I believe it; but these men I have never yet happened to meet. There was a report one morning in the village where I lived that a salmon had been caught, and I immediately went through the place in quest of the captor—to look at him as a curiosity. But he multiplied himself as fast as the men in buckram, and took as many forms as Proteus. He was a weaver lad at first, then a ploughman, then an exciseman, then an old pensioner. A suspicion is abroad here that the trout which occasionally appear at the inn-table are the victims, not of the rod, but of the poacher's nets, which silently, but surely, sweep the pools at night.

I have already remarked, as one of the peculiarities of this sport, the tendency of an angler to multiply his fish, magnify their size, and improve their species; but it is no less strange that all the trouts which are lost are greatly larger than those caught. Perhaps it may be accounted for by the knowings of the elder trouts.

Fishers are accused by the uninitiated of conceit and incivility, inasmuch as it is the custom of the craft, when they fall in with any inexperienced sportsman, to examine his tackle with undisguised contempt. They try his rod by shaking it, and then dismiss it from their hands with a look of pity, handling his hooks, meanwhile, with such a look as they would bestow upon curiosities from Central Africa. They make no scruple of peering into the basket of the benighted individual; and this perhaps emboldens him to a retaliatory inspection—when he is probably rejoiced by the sight of some small fry as innocent and imponderable as his own. This fancy of fishers is shared by the whole fraternity, gentle and semp. I have observed the contemptuous air of mere hinds when conversing with gentlemen beginners. If they are asked, in a courteous manner, if such a kind of fly will suit the day, their dry assent leads you to believe that it is the respondent's opinion that it is a matter of absolute indifference what sort of fly you employ, and that, in fact, you are beneath the serious attention of a real fisher.

Selfishness is another foible charged to fishers. Angling, indeed, is the most unsocial of all amusements. A man

may be excellent company on the road to the stream; but the moment his line is in the water, he cuts his friend dead, and minds his own business. So far from lending his aid in any dilemma, the fisher exemplifies in his covert smile the dogma, 'that men find something agreeable in the misfortunes even of their dearest friends.' A curious instance of the anti-social effect of the sport occurred in my own family. One of my boys, who usually came to fish with me, was very useful at first in emergencies; several times a day he has stripped, and waded to clear away my hooks; but such is the natural tendency of the pastime, that he soon seized every opportunity of deserting me, that he might fish independently of his father. This, however, was an instinct in the young vagabond; but if we listen to the conversation of fishers in the great crises of the harvest, we shall be surprised at an enthusiasm which considers a bad day's sport as something far worse than a national famine. The failure of this year's crop would have been a fearful calamity; and every good man's first movement, on awaking in the morning, was to rush to the windows, and scan the appearance of the sky. For myself, I was so stupid as to rejoice in the prospect when the east was sown with orient pearl, even although aware that the day's fishing would be indifferent; but in the inn, when I called one morning, there was unbounded congratulation among the angling guests on a discharge of rain, prostrating, at the moment, the standing corn, and deluging the potatoes. Nay, a wish was openly expressed that the torrent would continue to fall for days; and a hum of deep delight buzzed among a number of them as they kept tapping on the barometer, and saw the mercury go slowly yet resolutely down. I confess I could not enter into this feeling, but rather enjoyed the mortification which followed the subsiding of the river, when the only fish taken was a single grilse. This was caught by a mechanic, who, after the gentlemen amateurs had returned to the inn, weary and savage, went down to the river after his day's work, with a simple knot of worms at his hook. He sold the much-prized fish at the inn-door to one of the brethren, who immediately packed it up, and directed it to a friend in Edinburgh.

I am little inclined to speak of the cruelty of fishing, as the subject is so hackneyed, and as I have been assured by certain philosophers that fish are not susceptible of much pain; but the impalement of worms on the hook is, I must say, a most harrowing business to the inexperienced. The catching of eels is also peculiarly painful to more than the fish; for in most cases the hook is swallowed some inches down the creature's body. It is no doubt a weakness; but on such occasions I have found myself quite unfit for the task of extricating the barbed steel, and, with the habitual selfishness which fishing gives, have ordered one of my boys to lay open the eel with his penknife. While this process went on, I was obliged to avert my eyes; and cruel as many boys are, it was not without pain that mine succeeded in embowelling the living and struggling creature. It was no doubt some compunctious visitings of conscience for my barbarity both to the fish and the boy which that night haunted my dreams, in the shape of a thousand eels twining round my limbs and body, and hissing like serpents in my ear.

Such various discouragements had cooled considerably my angling propensities; but the calculations of a great statistician of my acquaintance made me finally resolve on abandoning the sport, at least as the business of my vacations. He set down with much exactness the price of my wading-boots, rod, reel, lines, hooks, gaff, &c. with the various repairs consequent on breakage, and I was a little confused to find that the aquatic outfit of myself and boys amounted to nearly £10 sterling. The per-contrà to meet this was six pounds' weight of trout, which, averaging at the rate of 4d. per pound, produced the congratulatory total of 2s., leaving a balance against me of £3, 18s. This does not include the expense of a doctor who attended me for a fortnight for a sore throat, which was the only thing I caught during my first week's fishing. I must add, since I am at confession at any rate, that I have been much disconcerted by

the ingratitude of my family as regards the fruits of my fishing. At first it gave me excessive delight to see my wife and daughters pick a par or two of my catching for breakfast; but I soon perceived that their approbation was hollow, and that at last their gorge rose at the dainties. I overheard the servants say that they *scunnered* at them; and, in fact, the only individual in the house who patronised me was the cat, who, by some unaccountable accident or other, always came in for the lion's share. For myself, I did not half like the notion of eating what I had killed; and on one occasion the fishiness of my hands, caused by taking a few par off the hook, had so entered my soul, that when I saw the victims on the table, I had merely strength to order their removal.

In addition to all this, I have just received a hint that reports of my poor success as a fisher had reached the world in which I live, and that I may expect some roasting in the winter circles. This has brought my discontent to a climax; and feeling myself to be pretty considerably fished up, I am now *resolved* to take my rod to pieces for the last time, wind up my pirn, return to town, strike out for amusement in a different line, convinced that, with all my endowments, I fall lamentably short in that poetical imagination, which is the life and soul of a TWEED FLY FISHER.

#### THE RED HILL REFORMATORY FARM.

WHEN country gentlemen visited London some years ago, one of the most interesting sights to them—especially if they were magistrates—was the Philanthropic School in St George's Fields. This establishment was formed about sixty years ago for the reception of juvenile criminals, and of the destitute offspring of convicted felons. When in the school, the pupils were subjected to two processes of education—the first combining religion with the rudiments of commerce and literature, and the next such practical instruction in some useful branch of industry as should enable them to maintain themselves in after-life by their own skill. This being the earliest institution whose system combined the prevention of crime with the reformation of young criminals, it was, for many years during the commencement of its history, watched with interest by the comparatively few who then were actively desirous of the welfare of the poor and the debased.

To such, an inspection of the establishment produced much gratification. The visitor entered at a lodge in the London Road, and found himself in a large irregular area, surrounded on one side by shops for tailors, shoemakers, brushmakers, basketmakers, carpenters, cabinetmakers, printers, &c. There was also a rope-walk, and a manufactory for mats. Opposite were the superintendents' residences. The girls' school—in which they learned to knit, sew, and were trained to become domestic servants—was walled off from the boys' department. It was, however, found necessary in 1817 to discontinue the admission of criminal girls, and more recently, the change of plan in the institution has necessitated the exclusion of that sex altogether. At the end of the enclosure there was a chapel, which still faces St George's Road. The space occupied by the entire range of buildings was therefore great—so great, that, since the removal of the establishment to Red Hill, near Reigate in Surrey, a not inconsiderable 'neighbourhood' of houses has been built upon only a part of it.

It was here that the old prejudices against the irremediability of criminals first received a check. The old-school gentleman or magistrate saw convicted felons of tender years, whom he had dismissed in Quarter-Session sentences as 'hardened young rascals,' working at their various avocations with diligence and cheerfulness. On inquiring into their general character or conduct, he found they were pretty much, or, if anything, a shade better, than those of other lads; and—if he were not one already—the chances were very much in favour of his becoming a subscriber to the institution.

More than fifty years' experience showed that, upon the whole, this reformatory plan worked well; but the

society became rich, and followed out the seldom-failing law of affluence by falling also into a slothful routine. Although everything went on with rigid propriety—abating now and then the escape over the walls of an impatient and untameable pupil—the sphere of the society's usefulness was not extended. The energy of its managers got consolidated into an undeviating regularity; so many children were apprenticed out during each year, and so many were elected in to fill their places. This sort of slumber was not, however, of long duration; for fortunately, about eight years since, the control of the institution devolved upon an energetic philanthropist, who saw by what means the society might be rendered more extensively efficacious, and how many of its disadvantages might be removed. It will be useful to enumerate a few of these:—

When first formed, the establishment was literally 'in the fields,' but gradually these were built over, and inhabited; consequently the inmates were obliged to be kept almost prisoners. It was found impossible to give the boys occasional holidays, or even to afford them little offices of trust—such as executing errands, or carrying letters—without exposing them to the temptations and associates it was the object of the school to rescue them from. Again, when placed out as apprentices, once free of restraint, they frequently relapsed into evil. Sometimes, despite the vigilance of the directors, they got into bad hands, and boys of apparently the steadiest character and most promising disposition fell into crime from the ill-treatment or neglect of their masters. It is admitted in one of the more recent reports of the institution that only two-thirds of those who had passed under its influence permanently benefited by it. Since, also, the earlier years of the society's operations, competition among members of the different trades to which the pupils were bred has become more severe, and when out of the hands of even the best masters, they have gone back into dishonesty from sheer want of employment. Indeed the useful articles manufactured in the school, which at one time found a ready sale, would, more recently, have remained on hand but for the exertions and purchases of the subscribers.

In this state of things, there is no knowing how the value of the Philanthropic Society might have languished but for a vigorous effort to resuscitate it. Instead of a benefit, it might possibly become almost a cruelty to pen up young people in a comparatively confined space, and train them to trades, by the after-exercise of which they would have small chance of obtaining a livelihood. When sent into the world, they would only swell the multitudes of artisans, whose greatest good-fortune is barely to keep themselves in life by their labour.

It was this basis upon which Mr Sydney Turner, the resident chaplain and manager of the Philanthropic institution, seems to have built the beneficial improvements he has prevailed on the committee to introduce into the plans of the society. With the example of the government reformatory at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, and of Mettray, the *colonie agricole*, near Tours (frequently alluded to in this Journal), before him, as affording examples for avoidance or guides to success, he, seconded especially by the present humane and enlightened treasurer (Mr William Gladstone), set about altering the system then in force. In company with Mr Paynter, the police magistrate, who takes a warm interest in the reform of young criminals, he visited the Mettray colony; made himself acquainted with its details; and in taking it as a model, rejected what appeared unsuitable to an English reformatory, and only retained such as seemed excellencies. He saw at once the truth of the principle laid down by the originators of this noble penitentiary:—that farm labour should be the basis of every system of industrial reform, and that trades and handicrafts should be deemed secondary.

It was therefore decided, on the return of these gentlemen, that the operations of the Philanthropic School should be removed into the country—a change presenting many advantages in England over even the reformatory system by means of agriculture and handicraft



pursued in France. There, when reformed, the pupil has to take his chance with the rest of the overstocked community; which is as bad a chance there as in this country. France has no foreign colonies to which his skill and labour can be transferred; Great Britain has. While our home labour market overflows almost to the point of starvation, our colonists are stretching forth their hands to us, imploring help to gather in their harvests; and, despite the distress which prevails here, the call is but sparingly answered. This, therefore, is the grand opening for the absorption of reformed criminals: they are removed from evil influences, and their employers are put in possession of skilled labour. Besides, this is a calling in which no competition exists: as yet, so far as we know, it has nowhere become a branch of education to train up an *emigrant*—to deal, in short, with practical colonisation as a profession to be taught.

After some difficulties, the Red-Hill Farm was obtained, and this interesting experiment commenced by the admission of seventeen lads, mostly above fourteen years of age, and from country districts. Farm labour, although the basis of the plan, did not exclude the handicrafts already taught and practised in St George's Fields. If, in addition to a knowledge of ordinary agricultural operations, the candidate for employment in the colonies could make a cart, a spade, a gate, or a coat; a pair of shoes, a bedstead, or a table and chairs—if he could mend a plough, shoe a horse, make bricks and draining-tiles, build a wall, or thatch a roof—his value to his master and to himself would be increased in proportion. Nor would emigration be his only resource. He would be much prized by the home farmer; for, despite all we hear about the distress of the agricultural population in England (and it is indeed in winter truly severe), skilful labourers are scarce, and not ill-paid.

The excellence of these plans, and a small printed history of the Philanthropic institution, occupied my thoughts, and formed the subject of conversation with my companion, while travelling on the Brighton Railway some weeks since, on our way to the Red-Hill Farm-School, to which the major part of the Philanthropic pupils had been by that time removed.

On alighting at the Red Hill station, we were received by a neat young groom, who drove us in a small vehicle, very carefully and well, over a mile and a-half of roughish road to the chaplain's residence, into which we were politely ushered by another youth, who announced us to our host.

'Surely,' I said when that gentleman arrived, 'neither of those lads were ever convicts?'

'Yes,' was the reply; 'one was convicted once—the other, who is from Parkhurst, twice; but they are both so thoroughly reformed, that we trust them as fully as we do any of our other servants—sometimes with money to pay small bills.'

On advancing to a sort of balcony to look around, we found ourselves on the top of one of that low range of eminences known as the Surrey Hills, with, if not an extensive, a cheerful and picturesque landscape to look upon. Immediately to the left stood a pretty group of buildings, comprising the chapel, a school-room, and two houses, each to contain sixty boys; the foundation-stone of the first having been laid by Prince Albert no longer ago than the 30th of April. These unpretending but tasteful Gothic edifices, relieved, as they were, by a background of thick foliage, which stretched away at intervals to the boundaries of the estate, gave a sylvan, old-English character to the scene, which will doubtless be endeared to the memory of many an emigrant when labouring out his mission in the Antipodes. In front, in a dell, beyond a cutting through which the South-Eastern Railway passes, and half-hidden by tall trees, the farm-house in which the boys, now on the farm, are accommodated, partially revealed itself; while beyond, a cottage, in which the bailiff of the estate lives, was more plainly seen. The view stretching westward is bounded by what geologists used to call a 'crag and tail,' of no great elevation, but bearing a miniature resemblance to the foundations of Old Edinburgh, and this association is

strengthened when one learns that it is called 'Leith Hill.' Under it stands the town of Reigate.

Dotted about the farm—of which our terraced point of view afforded a perfect supervision—were groups of juvenile labourers steadily plying their tasks. One small party were grubbing a hedge, their captain or monitor constructing a fire-heap of the refuse; a detachment of two was setting up a gate, under the direction of a carpenter; a third group was digging a field of what we afterwards found to be extremely hard clay; and a fourth was wheeling manure. We could also see flitting to and fro, immediately about the farm-house and offices, several small figures, employed in those little odd jobs that the 'minding' of poultry, the feeding of pigs, the grooming of horses, and the stalling of oxen, entail upon the denizens of a farm-steading.

The systematic activity which pervaded the whole estate, and the good order in which everything appeared, bespoke rather an old-established than a recently-entered farm. Indeed, were it not for the noise of a few bricklayers' trowels at work upon the chapel, and there a dilapidated hedge in process of repair, or a field of rough farming that looked like neglected land in process of being reclaimed, we should have imagined ourselves upon that exception (unhappily) to the English system—a farm held upon a long lease which had nearly run out.

Having been gratified with this *coup d'œil*, we descended, under the guidance of our reverend host, to take a nearer view of the operations. On our way, he informed us that the extent of the farm is no more than 140 acres; but that, small as it is, he hoped, with some additions readily obtainable, that as many as 500 boys would be eventually trained upon it. It appears to have been admirably chosen for the purpose. These acres include every variety of soil, from light sand to the stiffest clay, the generality of it consisting of ferruginous marl, the colour of which doubtless gave the name to the hill over which it is chiefly spread. The more stubborn part of the estate will not only supply what is chiefly required—labour—but will also be the means of instructing the pupils in the proper method of cultivating consolidated soils; while the modes of dealing with lighter land will be exemplified in the more friable sandy earths.

While approaching the nearest knot of young labourers, it happened that the recollection of a visit I had paid some years ago to the townhouse of the society arose vividly in my mind. I remembered well, that although generally healthy, some of the boys seemed pale, and when you addressed them, answered furtively, and did not look straight into your face. But the ruddy, smiling countenance which was now turned up to return the pastor's greeting, formed a striking contrast to what I had noticed on the previous occasion. It beamed with health and pleasure: the first due to a free life in the country, changed from a pent-up existence in town; and the latter to the affable kindness of his treatment. The boy was 'puddling' (ramming earth round the foundation of) a gate-post, and replied to certain suggestions respecting his mode of doing his task in a frank, fearless, but perfectly respectful manner. We passed on to the hedge-grubbing. This is hard work, and the boys were plying away manfully. Will lent force to every stroke of the pick, and every incision of the axe. The moment the director came in sight, a smile rose to every face. A large, spreading, obstinate root was giving a couple of the young grubbers a vast deal of trouble, and the superior, supposing the boys were not going about their task in the best manner, suggested an alteration in their plan. It was pleasing to see, instead of a servile or a dogged acquiescence in this hint, that the elder lad at once gave his reasons for the mode he had chosen for unearthing the root. A short argument ensued between the master and pupil, which ended in a decision that the latter was right. This showed the terms on which these two individuals—who might be described as antipodes in station, in morals, and in intellect—stood towards each other. The law of kindness (the only code practised here) had brought both into perfect rapport. No re-

straint existed, except that imposed by propriety and respect. The monitor or captain of this group was also 'drawn out' by our *cicerone* to explain the means by which he kept up ventilation in the burning heap which he was replenishing with refuse. This he did not manage very scientifically, but in a manner which showed he thoroughly understood the principles of combustion, and that his mind, as well as his hands, were engaged in the task.

In wandering from this group to another part of the farm, I could not help remarking on the wide difference exhibited between these boys and those at Mettray, whom myself and my companion had chanced to see, during the November of last year, drawn up, rank and file, in the noble square of the colony. The latter seemed, one and all, the victims of excessive discipline. Fear sat upon their faces. They are not encouraged to speak; and visitors are requested not to address them. At Red Hill, on the contrary, free intercourse is cultivated and courted. No discipline is enforced which involves punishment so severe as to be much dreaded, and not the slightest restraint upon personal liberty is imposed. Any boy is free to leave the farm if he chooses to make his escape; there is neither wall, nor bolt, nor bar to hinder him. Five instances only of desertion have occurred since the school has been in actual operation. Of these misguided youths, who were all of the youngest class of inmates, three have returned of their own accord, begging to be again admitted; two others were sent back by their friends, the desire of seeing whom was the motive of their elopement. Although the labour is severe, the clerical chief has managed to instil into those under his charge a patient endurance, if not a love of it, and a tolerance of the restraints it imposes, far superior to the temptations of the miserable lawless liberty of their previous career of crime. It should, however, be remarked, that the lads in the Farm School have all suffered for their offences, by imprisonment, or some other penalty, before their admission to it, and come mostly as volunteers under the impulse of repentance, and a desire to do better for themselves. The 'colons' of Mettray, on the contrary, are all 'détenus'—are literally convicts still under the sentence and restraint of law.

'Those boys whom we have left,' I remarked, 'are possibly the best-disposed in the school, and never were deeply dyed in crime!'

'On the contrary,' was the reply, 'among them are youths who have not only been frequently convicted and imprisoned for felonies, but were, before coming here, habitually addicted to faults which the laws do not punish. They seldom spoke without an imprecation, were frequently intoxicated, and were guilty of other vices, which one would imagine their youth precluded them from indulging in. Yet you now find them expressing themselves with propriety, and conducting themselves quite as well as most of the farm-boys in this parish.'

At the extremity of the estate, beyond the bailiff's house, was a party of younger boys digging a field of obstinate clay nearly as hard as unbaked brick. The superintendent, who directed their operations, gave them a good character for perseverance, and added, that he was sometimes surprised at the aptitude displayed by the boys when farm-tools were first put into their hands. Although their previous mode of life proved they could never before have been used to delving, draining, trimming hedgerows, &c. yet the intelligence many of them displayed when set about such work for the first time caused their instructor—whose former experience had lain among country parish apprentices—to marvel greatly. The truth is, the schemes and contrivances—criminal though they were—in which these lads were forced to engage to relieve the miseries of their old mode of life (and to which we adverted in a former article), have a tendency to sharpen their wits and brighten their intellects. As the most hardened metal takes the highest polish, so these youths, when thoroughly reformed and trained, are most often the brightest workmen.

To each their benignant pastor gave a kind word, even if it were one expressive of disapprobation for some fault;

of which he pointed out the evil consequences with such plain and convincing reasoning, that the delinquent expressed contrition either in words or by a more expressive, because more spontaneous, look. He had manifestly tried to study each character, and adapted his arguments to suit its peculiarities, using such means of cure as were most efficacious for the special moral diseases under which the patient happened to labour.

In this lies the true secret of all reformatory efforts undertaken for the young. As in medicine, so in morals much depends upon adapting the remedies to the character and kind of disease. To bring every sort of mental obliquity under one mode of treatment, or one set of rules, is as irrational as if a physician were to treat his patients in classes, and administer to each class the same physic. Nothing can be more plain, than that, to cure immorality, the moral sentiments must be addressed; and this is impossible, or at most ineffectual, where the peculiarities of each moral ailment is not studied, and where any system of general routine is followed. The disappointment occasioned by the expensive government experiment at Parkhurst must be in a great measure referred to too great a degree of generalisation and systematising.

Conversing on this topic, we arrived at the farmhouse, where we saw the scholars engaged in a variety of home duties; from baking and storing bread to mending stockings, in which useful avocation we detected two juniors in an outhouse.

In the evening, at six, the boys were assembled in the school-room for instruction and prayers. An additional interest was occasioned by the circumstance of the resident chaplain having only the day before returned from a second visit to Mettray. After a prayer, and the reading and exposition of an appropriate chapter from the Testament, he gave the assembly an account of what he had seen; and read the answer to an address he had taken over to the Mettray boys from themselves. This document is interesting, and we were favoured with a copy of it, which we translate as follows:—

'THE BOYS OF THE AGRICULTURAL COLONY AT METTRAY TO THE YOUTHS OF THE PHILANTHROPIC FARM-SCHOOL.

'DEAR FRIENDS AND BROTHERS IN THE LORD—Mr Gladstone and Mr Turner, your respected directors, have come to visit our colony, and we can hardly tell you how much pleasure we felt when Mr Gladstone, after speaking to us about the farm-school, read to us your address.

'Thanks, dear friends, for this generous impulse of your hearts. You have well understood our feelings. Yes, we are, we shall always be, your brothers. The same love of what is good animates us both.

'Tears of joy and thankfulness glistened in our eyes as we heard your kind wishes for us; and our honoured and excellent directors, the Viscount de Courteilles and M. Demetz, have been equally moved by them. Your sentiments are indeed noble and Christian.

'Dear brothers, we all owe much to God, who has directed the honoured friends by whom both we and you are superintended. Do you pray, let us pray, for the founders of both our schools. Let us pray for their happiness, and for the welfare of the asylums which they have opened. When you kneel down each night before God, think of us in France, who, on our part, will add to our petitions a prayer for you in England.

'Like us, you say you have erred—you have known trouble. But like us, too, you have resolved to have done with your past life of disorder. You will succeed in this, dear friends, for the providence of God has sent you enlightened and Christian friends. You have found in Mr Gladstone and Mr Turner what we have found in our worthy founders and directors. Let us follow their lessons. So shall we march among the foremost in the path of honour and virtue in which they lead us.

'Dear friends, we form this day an affectionate alliance with you—one that shall last. The ring which our directors send will be the substantial symbol of this union of our hearts with yours. You will see these words engraved on it, "God, honour, union, recollection"—words which are our motto. Let them be also yours.

Let us be grateful. Let us join together in strife against what is evil. Let us support one another in what is good. Let us love each other to the end.

'Dear friends and brothers, health and happiness to you all.

(Signed by the elder brothers and monitors)

'LANOS, BELLONET, ANGET, MAUCHIN, GUY, JOSSET, MARI, COLLOT, SOUVIGNE, HEBERT, CHEVALIER.'

This was, the bearers of it were assured, the veritable composition of the subscribing boys. It was read on this occasion amidst the most profound attention. When the assemblage broke up, the lads separated to their playground in an orderly manner. The young groom, however, departed for the stable to prepare the vehicle for our departure; for our most interesting visit was nearly over.

In a parting conversation with the resident chaplain, he told us that thirty-six reformed boys had already been sent to Algoa Bay; and that, despite the storm of disaffection raised in Cape Colony against the introduction of convicts, the lads were well received. They had scarcely stepped on shore, before every one of them was engaged, and the accounts since received of them were highly favourable.

Although the important results which will assuredly flow from this experiment can only be carried out by the extension of its plans, yet large numbers of pupils in such establishments would, for the reasons we have given, be an evil. Centralisation and generalisation would be as inevitable as they are much to be dreaded. To do any good, the mind of each boy must be influenced separately; and in a large school, this would be impossible for one superintendent to accomplish. The Philanthropic School is now within manageable bounds, and the chaplain knows each lad almost as intimately as he does his own children; but when the establishment is extended to 500 pupils, as is contemplated, much of his influence over individuals will cease. To obviate this, it is intended to make each 'family' consist of sixty individuals, guided by a master (with an assistant) and his wife—a vast stride of improvement upon the *maitre* and *sous-maitre* system of Mettray. The softening restraint instinctively imposed by the mere presence of a woman—setting aside her higher influences—will be most beneficial. Much—all, we may venture to say—will, however, depend upon the tact, temper, demeanour, and patience of these most important functionaries. It is here, indeed, that the point of difficulty in effecting the reformation of vicious habits and impulses in the young presents itself. Nearly all reformatory systems have failed from the unskilfulness, from the want of long-suffering forbearance, and of prompt but kindly firmness, on the part of those to whom the task of reformation has been confided. It is the possession of these qualities by the reverend principal in an eminent degree which has brought about the pleasing state of things we have described at the Red-Hill Farm, and we look with some anxiety to the time when, notwithstanding his general supervision, the smallest of his functions will have to be delegated.

As we arrived at the Red-Hill railway station for our return journey some time before the train started, we employed the interval in making inquiries as to the character the Philanthropic boys bore among their neighbours, who, we were previously informed, had at first looked upon the new colony with dread.\* Every account we received was, we were happy to find, favourable: the ex-criminals had not occasioned a single complaint.

In less than an hour we were again amidst the murk of London, almost envying the young criminals of Red Hill the pure air they breathed; at the same time fervently hoping that the example and objects of this farm may gradually be extended to every county in Great Britain; and that its founders—to borrow a quaint trope

\* A bargain had nearly been concluded at one time for a farm to the north of the metropolis; but so great was the horror of the contiguous gentry, that one of them actually presented the society with a donation of £1000, on condition that the scene of reformatory operations should be removed; and accordingly it was shifted to Surrey.

from Bishop Latimer—may have not only 'lighted a candle in this country which, by God's grace, shall not be put out again,' but that many others may be kindled from it.

## TOIL AND TRIAL.\*

This is the somewhat commonplace and unsuggestive title of a book which, aspiring to little, will probably effect much. It is a story of the people, written for the people, and published in a form which is within the people's reach. Its text is the early-closing movement, and thereon the author bases that best of homilies—the sterling truth which lies hidden under the allurements of fiction. 'Toil and Trial' will do more than half a dozen prosy public meetings to aid the cause for which it is written. Of the worth and usefulness of that cause there can now be but one opinion; and therefore the critic, in dealing with Mrs Crosland's book, has but to consider how far she has attained her end.

This has been done by extreme simplicity—almost homeliness—in narration, plot, and characters. It is a chapter in London life, such as any one might read when walking into some of the great linendrapers' shops, each of which seems a little world in itself. From such an one the hero and heroine, Jasper and Lizzie Rivers, are taken. They are assistants in the same shop—have been married some time, but conceal their union, for fear lest that stringent and most evil custom of London mercers—the exclusion of married men—should take from both the poor pittance which is their only support. Most touching is the account of the privations, miserable contrivances—even imputed shame—to which both, and especially poor Lizzie, are exposed by the maintenance of this galling secret.

'It was the beginning of a bright and glowing summer's day. As usual, Jasper Rivers and his wife left home between seven and eight o'clock, Lizzie previously giving the most exact directions to the maid-of-all-work respecting the care of the child—how she was to be taken into the Park before the heat of noon came on, and again at five or six o'clock—apportioning the hours for sleep and food with the most precise attention. With their minds full of the coming disclosure (of their marriage), they naturally talked about it—wondering what the result would actually be, and scarcely realising that this might be the last time they should thus walk together, threading the same streets, as they had done, till every stone and post had become an acquaintance; usually parting at the piece of dead wall, whence sometimes one, and sometimes the other, made a longer circuit to their destination; thus arranging not to arrive together. This was only one out of twenty petty degrading plans that had become a habit, and called not for either thought or comment.

'They pass through London streets, seeing everywhere the pale drapers' assistants drowsily commencing their daily toil by "dressing" shop-windows.

"Street after street it is the same story," said Jasper with a sigh; and he added, "well, I suppose we ought to find consolation in knowing there are thousands who suffer as much as ourselves."

"My dear Jasper," exclaimed his wife; "think a moment, and I am sure you will never say that again. Is it not extraordinary that such an argument can ever be put forth! Surely the very fact that thousands do suffer ought to rouse us to the heartier exertions, and make us the more willing martyrs in the cause, if need be."

"Lizzie," he replied, turning towards her, and almost stopping in the street as he spoke, "I always thought you the most sensible woman I ever knew; but latterly you have often surprised me. You seem to have so many just opinions, which strike me as much by their freshness as their truth."

"I am afraid," said Lizzie smiling, "that my opinions are not very profound; but latterly, as I told you yester-

\* Toil and Trial. A Story of London Life. By Mrs Newton Crosland (late Camilla Toulmin). London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1895.



day, I have had a little time to think; and as I had previously suffered many sorts of sorrow, therefore my thoughts may be the better worth remembering. But here we are at — Street; we had better separate. Yet wait a moment: I declare I had forgotten my ring. Hold my glove, dear; I will be quick."

"And Jasper held her glove, while Lizzie drew off her wedding-ring, and suspended it to a black ribbon which she constantly wore round her neck, and to which alone was visibly attached a locket containing the hair of her dead mother. With the adroitness of long habit, the slender golden badge was carefully hidden nearer her heart. Now this necessary operation was a perpetual annoyance to Jasper Rivers; but one of which his wife was so unconscious, that it was a mere accident whether it was performed in his presence or not. There is a petty, frantic jealousy about most men, with which women, calm in the haven of confidence, find it hard to sympathise; and perhaps it was a dim suspicion of this fact which made him half-ashamed to betray the irritation this trifling circumstance occasioned; but it galled him none the less. He felt as if, by the withdrawal of her ring, she ceased to belong to him; as if she fell away from his care and protection into the shadow of a doubtful position; and just in proportion as it ought to have been cheered by the light of his confidence, unfortunately a host of fretful fancies invaded his peace. Lizzie often wondered that, in the hours of business, he should show an irritation of temper she but seldom witnessed at home; yet little suspected that the stray look or careless word of another might have occasioned the ebullition."

One of these 'ebullitions'—which, together with other qualities, make Jasper not half so worthy a personage as his patient, self-denying, much-enduring wife—cause the impromptu disclosure of the secret, and the consequent dismissal of both. Troubles threaten to gather round the young pair, but are evaded by an incident which, we cannot but observe, diminishes greatly the lifelike and simple force of the narrative. Lizzie, seeking for work, finds, in the usual sudden unforeseen way of romance, an old friend, Mr Matthew Warder, who helps Jasper to a situation, and in fact proves the 'good angel' to everybody in the story. This is a fault in the moral of the book. Not chance, but their own exertions and worthy endurance, should have brought success to the young couple. Every struggling draper's assistant cannot hope to find a rich early-closing friend to help him out of his difficulties, but every one can be taught that, by truth, honesty, and a little patience, the right will conquer at last. There is another mistake in the literary construction of the story. Mrs Crosland makes her characters speak chiefly on early-closing in long moral homilies of a page or a page and a-half, which, though excellent and true—even eloquent at times—are in no cases appropriate either to the station, education, or feelings of the individuals in whose mouths they are put. The matter on which they debate might easily have been brought forward by suggestions rather than lectures; by acts, not words. The simple facts of the narration furnish its best moral.

There are a few good sketches of character rather hinted at than developed, which indeed the space of the small volume would seem to forbid. Among these are Mrs Denison, the stepmother of Lizzie, 'a little, dark-eyed, fussy, had-been-pretty woman, of five-and-thirty, with a disagreeable voice and will of her own. She wore rich silks and expensive jewellery the first thing in the morning, though, to be sure, her "first thing" was not very early. But to make amends for her own indulgences, the servants, inclusive of Miriam Lowe, the young governess, were up betimes.' This Miriam Lowe is another half-defined sketch, pleasing enough to make one wish for more of it. A third is indicated by poor little Ellen, Lizzie's first child, blighted into premature decay for want of that care which the unacknowledged wife and mother dared not give; and even in the coming shadow of prosperity, dying at last. This circumstance, we may mention by the way, furnishes the authoress with an excellent half page on intra-mural interment—an oppor-

tunity which, together with others in the course of the book, she never lets slip. Indeed there are few women who wield so fearless and at the same time so clever a pen against the crying evils of society. An extract to show the occasional power which the book exhibits will conclude our notice. It describes a fire on the adjoining premises of Messrs Lorimer, the early-closing firm, and their opponents, Jasper's late masters, Messrs Frong:—

"Long he sat (that is, Frank Warder, shopman of Messrs Lorimer, and lover of Miriam Lowe); and a slight shiver through his frame, together with the click of the cooling cinders, had reminded him that it must be growing very late, when a sudden noise still more completely aroused him from his dream. It was a dull, hammering sound, and evidently proceeded from the direction of the Frong's premises, the back of which immediately adjoined those occupied by the Messrs Lorimer; the two together cutting off—isolating—the corner houses, whose convenience had probably been entirely sacrificed for the commercial purposes of the two larger buildings. The noise increased—in a minute or two was followed by screams—and at the instant that a sudden suffocating smell burst on the senses of Frank Warder, the terrible word "Fire!" was shrieked by a score of voices.

"It awoke the whole household; but Frank had a great advantage over those thus fearfully aroused from heavy slumber. Already the bright flames darted from the back windows of Messrs Frong's, their pointed tongues, directed by the dry wintry wind, sloped towards the rival shop, till they almost seemed to lick its walls. Frank saw in an instant the imminence of the peril; but his strength of mind did not desert him. He leaped rather than stepped up stairs to the sleeping-chambers, taking care to close the door of every room in his way. On the first landing he met Mr Lorimer flying to the nursery, and his half-fainting wife refusing to stir until the children were safe. Meanwhile came the dip of voices, and the terror of fifty human beings drawn from their beds by the alarm of fire; nevertheless there was something in Frank's appearance, entirely dressed as he was, and in his collected manner, that gave confidence to the rest, and his words were listened to by all.

"Dear sir!" he exclaimed to Mr Lorimer, "be calm, and there is no danger. You have not only good time to leave the house, but to save whatever valuables may be at hand. Let me take Mrs Lorimer safely to some house opposite—there I see the dear children have each a protector—and then we must see what can be done in the shop and warehouse. I'll be leader! Who'll follow me!"

"I—I—I!" was shouted by so many, that it seemed as if every one not personally engaged in assisting the women and children was eager to be of service. \* \* \*

"Listen to me a moment," exclaimed Frank, as he re-entered the house, where a stifling sensation warned him of the approaching catastrophe. "Who'll follow me to the inner warehouse, and snatch up the bales from Paris that came yesterday! Who'll save the firm five thousand pounds, for which they are not insured, and show that we are of different metal from the Frong's people, who are running away like frightened rats!"

"Ay—ay," they shouted as with one voice: "who's afraid; we don't mind a singeing. Keep Mr Lorimer back: make him go over the way to his wife: tell him we'll save his shawls and the Lyons silks, and that, too, before the smoke ruins them. Now for it—hurra!" and with a rush they made their way up staircases and along passages, every step leading nearer to the lapping flames, the light of which almost blinded them. The inner warehouse was a room where the most valuable property was usually kept: it abutted on the Frong's premises; and now the iron-bars which protected the back-windows were hotter than the hand could bear, every pane of glass was broken, and the paint on the window-shutters was blistered. Dried in this manner by the heat—prepared, as it were, for the coming flames—it was a service of great danger to enter this part of the building. Had the fire caught it while Warder and his companions were there, as it did three minutes after they left, bearing on their shoulders the bales of precious merchandise, it would

have been a struggle of life and death to reach a place of safety again, with such wonderful rapidity did the flames leap from spot to spot, truly meriting the name of the "devouring element." The brave band were received with shouts of applause by the crowd on the street, who made way for them to cross over. The English mob is pretty sure to recognise an act of heroism when they find it, and the daring exploit of "Lorimer's young men" had reached their ears.

Frank Warder is not the only hero: as soon as Jasper Rivers, now his fellow-assistant, roused from sleep by the distant glare of a 'great fire,' reaches the spot—a scene far more terrible than any which had preceded it was about to appal the spectators. A rumour arose that a man was still on the Frong's premises, or rather in the upper storey of one of the houses forming the corner already mentioned. Every one wondered that he could not escape as the other occupants of the house had done, except those who knew that the floor in which he was confined was cut off from the rest of the house by a walled-up door, having been let to the Messrs Frong, and a communication opened with their premises. Jasper, who well remembered the arrangements of the house, comprehended the whole tragedy in a moment. He knew that the "shop-walker"—he who had been for three years a tyrant to Jasper, and to whom at last he chiefly owed his dismissal—slept on that floor; and he was able to recognise the miserable creature as he stood at the window, wringing his hands, his countenance distorted by the anguish of his almost hopeless condition, and looking down on the sea of upturned anxious faces, glaring in the red light of the flames, and all alike expressive of terrible commiseration. The height from the street was tremendous, and many feet above the tallest of the fire-escapes. Jasper saw that the one faint chance of this man's escape rested in the door of communication with the now-deserted house being burst open, and this could only be done by main force. The brave men of the fire brigade were ready, in the fulfilment of their noble duty to run all risks; but their ignorance of the localities of the different premises was a great hindrance to their usefulness. Rivers knew this; and helping to wrench an iron bar from an area-grating, to use as a weapon, he made his way up the staircase of the now-deserted corner-house, which was already to his senses like a heated oven. The flames were ready to clasp it every moment; for the experienced firemen dared not bring the full force of their engines to play while life had yet to be saved, knowing that the suffocating flames of smoke that would instantly arise might be yet more fatal. What a moment of breathless suspense ensued! It lasted till, in the hush that prevailed, Jasper's ponderous blows on the fastened door could be distinctly heard above the roaring of the fire. Then the figure from the window turned away, raised its arms with a gesture of thanksgiving, and was seen no more till, amidst deafening shouts, the two, wounded and bleeding, emerged from the house: they had leaped more than one flight of stairs, round which fire and smoke were already writhing.

#### INFLUENCE OF BANKING ON MORALITY.

Banking exercises a powerful influence upon the morals of society: it tends to produce honesty and punctuality in pecuniary engagements. Bankers, for their own interest, always have a regard to the moral character of the party with whom they deal: they inquire whether he be honest or tricky, industrious or idle, prudent or speculative, thrifty or prodigal; and they will more readily make advances to a man of moderate property and good morals, than to a man of large property, but of inferior reputation. Thus the establishment of a bank in any place immediately advances the pecuniary value of a good moral character. There are numerous instances of persons having arisen from obscurity to wealth only by means of their moral character, and the confidence which that character produced in the mind of their banker. It is not merely by way of loan or discount that a banker serves such a person. He also speaks well of him to those persons who may make inquiries respecting him: and the banker's good opinion will be the means of procuring him a higher degree

of credit with the parties with whom he trades. These effects are easily perceivable in country towns; and even in London, if a house be known to have engaged in gambling or smuggling transactions, or in any other way to have acted discredibly, their bills will be taken by the bankers less readily than those of an honourable house of inferior property. It is thus that bankers perform the functions of public conservators of the commercial virtues. From motives of private interest, they encourage the industrious, the prudent, the punctual, and the honest—while they discountenance the spendthrift and the gambler, the liar and the knave. They hold out inducements to uprightness, which are not disregarded by even the most abandoned. There is many a man who would be deterred from dishonesty by the frown of a banker, though he might care but little for the admonitions of a bishop.—*Gilbert's Practical Treatise on Banking.*

#### JAQUES BALMAT,

THE PIONEER OF MONT BLANC.

BY THE LATE MRS JAMES GRAY.

THE mountain reared a lofty brow

Where footpaths never trod;

It stood supreme o'er all below,

And seemed alone with God.

The lightnings played around its crest,

Nor touched its stainless snow,

The glaciers bound its mighty breast—

Seas where no currents flow.

And ever and anon the blast

Blew sternly round its head,

And clouds across its bosom vast

A changeful curtain spread.

But changeless in its majesty,

The mountain was alone,

No voice might tell what there might be—

Its secrets were its own.

He should have worshipped poetry

Who trode its summit first,

He should have had a painter's eye

On whom the vision burst:

The vision of the lower world

Seen from that mountain's crown,

'Mid storms, where humble rocks were hurled

To mole-hills dwindled down.

Yet 'twas a lowly peasant's lot

To find the upward road,

He earliest trod that lofty spot

Where solitude abode.

Thus Truth sits in her wasted power

For ages long and lone,

Till opened in some happy hour

A pathway to her throne.

Then let this thought the humble say,

And hope their bosoms fill—

The lowly oft have led the way

Up to the sacred hill.

#### INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, "When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them 'Sing'; and if I hear them speak against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal."—*Mrs Sigourney.*

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